

THE OUTCROP.

Published Every Thursday in the heart of a Wonderfully Rich Mineral and Agricultural District.

Subscription, \$2.00 a Year.

W. F. EVANS.

Publisher and Proprietor.

CANTEBURY, B.C., THURSDAY, AUG. 8, 1901.

If there is a law on the statute books of British Columbia affecting the mining industry that is not condemned by the Mine Owners' Association in the memorial framed by that organization, it might as well be wiped out with the rest. Laws are obnoxious things, anyway.—New Denver Ledger.

The Mine Owners' have a great deal to contend with as will be seen by the petition published elsewhere in this issue but they have not displayed great wisdom in their drafting of this petition and it is very doubtful that it will have the desired effect. It is always well to remember the old saying about the child leading the horse to water. It would have been better had they asked the Dominion Government to aid the Legislature in fostering the mining industry. True, the taxes are too much, but it must be remembered that there are demands without end on the treasury for large expenditures for public works and that the other tax-payers have to pay all they can stand. The Mine Owners' cannot expect that the rest of the people in the Province will sympathize with them in their wholesale method of censuring the Legislature.

THE OUTCROP has no desire to thwart in any way the real object of the Mine Owners', and we hope they may be successful in getting the laws so modified as to make the mining of low grade ores profitable, yet we do not believe that the Province should be given a "black-eye" in this particular manner. If taxation is lessened public improvements must be lessened and it is our opinion that it would be better to entail improvements than to have our mines shut down. The remedy to be applied should be gotten from the Dominion Government, who have taken large sums of money from us and expended it in the east.

The Rev. W. Munroe, of Nelson, is reported in a sermon as referring to the trackmen's strike and asking the question:

"Can we say men are unreasonable when they demand more than \$1.50 per day, when the owners of the tools they work with make ten times as much? The laborer says, 'I compare me with the railway magnate. I brought as much into the world, I bear as good a character, I have as good a brain, as good a heart, have as valuable a soul and when I die shall take as much out of the world. Why should I be crushed? My wife denied the comforts of life, my children denied the privileges of education and culture?'"

"Until the government regulates wages upon a just basis," argued Mr. Munroe, "the laborer must strike for his own freedom, gathering around a solidarity of interests. The men who toil from the pivotal point of production and prosperity, and constitute the vital force that will compel the solution of many of the perplexities of our modern civilization. We cannot ignore the fact that many who acquire wealth win their success along a track marked by poverty, stricken homes, crime and ruin. With the universal desire for justice breaking forth into flames as it is today, we need not be surprised when strikes occur. No one for a moment supposes that the rapid accumulation of wealth comes from the pockets of the directors, as part of it comes from the laborers, and the more the one class receives the less there is for the other."

The reverend gentleman has sized the situation right and we admire the stand he has taken. If more men of his profession in this Province would devote a portion of their time to this and kindred subjects they would accomplish more for humanity and their churches. At present workmen are forced to give more consideration to their unions than to their religion.

The trackmen are not unreasonable in demanding more than \$1.40 per day. In Ontario and further east it is possible for a man to live fairly comfortable on such a wage, but he can save little for declining years. In the west it is different—the trackmen are just as much entitled to \$3 a day as the Rossland muckers. That is only a fair day's pay in this Province under existing cost of living.

True, it is unskilled labor and it is not necessary to spend years in learning the trade, but when a railway company charges freight rates that forces the cost of living up, they should at least be willing to give their employees the forced wage of the country.

No matter what the argument may be concerning other men's wages there is no reason for the sympathy of the public being with them from the trackmen. The C. P. R. have the whole Province at their mercy, and they have always kept their cinch tight. They know that if they lower their freight and other charges that wages will be correspondingly lower.

Everyone knows that the railway company wants to see wages kept as high as possible in every industry but their own. Good wages means high freight and passenger rates. If wages are low, merchandise must be low.

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Commencing at the post planted about 1 1/2 miles west of the "Iron Cap" mineral claim, thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to the place of commencement, containing 640 acres.

PAULDING FARNHAM.

Dated at Windermere this 2nd day of June, 1901.

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THE OLD RAIL FENCE

In the merry days of boyhood when we
never knew a care
Greater than the running round or a
mother's cut of hair,
When a new fence was a treasure and a
stomachache on the head
Filled the other boys with envy which
they tried not to conceal.
There were many treasured objects on
the farm we held most dear,
Orchards, fields, the creek we swam in,
and the old spring and stream;
But there the words of luck and of
old and deep and dense,
Looming up behind the outlines of the
old
rail
fence.
On its rails the quail would whistle to
the early summer morn,
Calling to their loving fellows in the field
of waving corn,
And the meadow lark and robin on the
slopes would sit and sing
Fill the forest shades behind them with
their melody would ring,
There the catbird and the jay sat
and called each other names,
And the squirrel and the chipmunk
played chase-and-catch and games,
And the garter snake was often in un-
pleasant evidence
In the grasses in the corner of the
old
rail
fence.
As we grew to early manhood when we
thought the country girls
In the diadem of beauty were the very
fairest people
Off from public school or meeting in the
fairy shackle's bow
Down the old lane we would wander with
a merry little "she,"
On the plea of being tired (just the coun-
try love lie),
On a grassy seat we'd linger in the moon-
light, she and I,
And we'd paint a future picture touched
with colors most intense
As we sat there in the corner of the
old
rail
fence.
There one night in happy dreaming as
were sitting hand in hand,
When she heard a declaration whispered
in her loving ear—
One she often since has told me she was
mighty glad to hear
On my head there's now a desert tinged
with foliage of gray,
And there's many a thread of silver in
her dear old head today,
Yet the flame of love is burning in our
bosoms as intense
As it burned in the corner of that
old
rail
fence.
There are 640 acres, well to be
ruled eye in the northern hemisphere.
If the statement is doubted, you may
come and see.

Didn't Need the Tonic.

A short time ago a shrewd doctor was
visited by a young man who was not
feeling well. The doctor looked him
over and then wrote out a prescription.
"How much will that cost, doc?" he
asked.
"About a dollar and a half," says the
doctor.
"Have you got that much to loan me,
doc?"
The doctor took the prescription back
and erased off all the time except
"sanguaria."
"You can get that for ten cents," he
said, handing it back to the sick one,
"and here's a dime."
"Don't I have to take those things you
scratched off?" asked the sick one.
"No, you don't. Those are nerve
tonics. You don't need them," said the
doctor—leaving.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

Now just a word about resolutions.
It is said, you know, that the place none
of us wish to go to when we die is paved
with them.
Going down to the boat and resolving
to get about and then standing there
until the boat pulls out, will not take
you any where.
Resolving to put your ad. in this paper
won't get you goods, putting it in will
get the business "sure as sin."
Which would you rather do?
Resolve to do business.
If the latter go after it and you will
get it.
"The world belongs to the man who
takes it," is an aphorism to the truth
of which all nations will subscribe. All
things may come to the man who waits,
but he will be able to use them at the
out of the waiting. He'll be dead.
We often hear some sentimental chatter
to with contempt and a frown "who owns
the earth." We always have as justice
the desire to find up such a one and
putting on the back. What a weak
poetic old world! there would be it if
there were those who "want the earth,"
wouldn't it? A century is a good
place for a man seeking a new quip
and give us.
The throwing of words of life
Where new truth is to be,
and we will try and be happy yet a
while. The chaplain "the world is
a living," and is sitting around waiting
to have a ship to his sail, now we long
at times to take it. And we'll never
ever make a living for that matter, pro-
vided he goes after it, and asks for it,
and keeps asking and working until he
gets it. The world is not a good place
to live in, quite apt to be too late to
live in.

upon the fellow who is overlastingly ask-
ing for them. Court fortune as you
court a young lady, with tact, ability
and persistence, especially the latter, and
first thing you know both the world and
the girl will come rushing into your
lives. Then like Monte Cristo or some
other fellow you can put your arms
around them both, and standing on the
rock of success, while the waves of adversity
and opposition dash madly, but in vain,
at your feet, you can shout in the words
of the immortal John Quincy Adams—
"In his hour Vincennes, Indiana, Fort
Beno, Paducah, bedgins sausage, world
without end, I asked for the earth,
through the columns of the Occident and
behold it is mine."

ABOUT THE IRISH.

We were at Banville,
We let us out at Kintore,
And up in the Pyrenees,
Before Bankirk, on Linden's plain,
Cremona, Lille and Ghent;
We're all over Austria, France and Spain
Wherever they pitched a tent
We've died for England, from Waterloo
To Egypt and Dergat,
And still there's enough for a corps or
two—
Kelly, and Burke, and Sloc,
Despite all their sacrifice for England,
The Irish are not admitted to equal part-
nership in the affairs of the Empire.
Addressing the House of Lords in 1829
the Duke of Wellington said: "The
hour of danger and glory is the hour in
which the gallant, the generous hearted
Irishman best knows his duty, and is
most determined to perform it, and still
inclined to enter within the
pale of the constitution. I feel almost
ashamed of the honors which have been
bestowed upon me."
It is the difference between Willing-
ton and Salisbury. Irishmen were
Outlanders in 1829, and are Outlanders
today—Jerome Kippin.
In an address the other day Senator
Hoar said: I think that is too good to
condemn his children to eternal wrath
and torture, and I think that every soul
that has made it too good to be con-
demned to eternal wrath and torture."
—Senator Hoar.
The reasoning by which persecution
was justified is unanswerable. If the
assumptions of the theologians were
granted, it is true that a cruel
was the cause of inflicting eternal pain
upon the wretched, as well as upon him-
self, the fact would justify any means
necessary to prevent such a result.
From the moral point of view, how-
ever, the persecution of heretics is most
unhappy.—John Wilson.

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